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— IN THE —
CITY OF MEMPHIS.

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of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and hurled their weapons about my head like the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel. I was in the act of requiring my berth on the paper when the door opened and a crowd of armed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, mangled, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief respite of frigid blasphemy, with a condensed and murky sentence glimmering in the air, and then all was over. In a few minutes there was silence, and the very chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that stretched the foreground us. He said:

"You'll like this place when you get used to it." I said:

"I'll have to get you to excuse me. I think maybe I might write to suit you for a while, as soon as I had some practice and learned the language—I am content I would. But to speak the plainest of it, I don't like this place. It is against its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention as this will forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted as much as I have been. I don't like to be here well enough, I don't like to be left here to wait on customers. The experiences are enough I grant you, and entertaining, too, but after a fashion, but they are not judicious."

you through the window, and cripples
a bombshell comes down the store-
for your gratification, and sends the
ore down your throat; a friend
ops in to swap compliments, and freck-
me with bullet holes till my skin
n't hold my principles; you go to din-
r, and Jones comes with his cowhide,
leslepie throws me out of the window,
ompson tears all my clothes off, and
entire stranger takes my scalp with
easy freedom of an old acquaintance;
d in less than five minutes all the
rkn guards in the country arrive in their
r point and proceed to scare the rest
me to death with their tomahawks.
ake it altogether, I never have had such
pirited time in all my life as I have
to-day. No. I like you, and I like
our calm untrifling way of explaining
things to the customers, but you see I am
used to it. The Southern heart is too
pulsive—Southern hospitality is too
wallow with the stranger. The paragraphs
which I have written to-day, and into
which cold sentences your masterly hand
has infused the fervent spirit of Tennes-
see journalism, will wake up another
set of hornets. All that mob of editors
all come—and they will come hungry
for, and war with nobody for breadst. I
have to bid you adieu. I decline to
be present at these festivities. I came
truth for my health—I will go back on
the same errand, and suddenly. Tennes-
see journalism is too stirring for me."
After which we parted, with mutual re-
spect, and I took apartments at the hos-
pital.

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THE PRIDE OF LADY



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AND THE U

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